

Son of a Gun

Shelby Lynne

Woke up early head in a crick
A little crumb of something wouldn't hurt me a lick
I lifted up my blisters went on my way
Thought about Mama on her dying day...
I got a nickel
After trading a song

Another run of luck's bound to come along
Evenings getting closer
But it ain't up yet
I'll catch a shooting star
Like a fish in a net
I'm just a Son of a Son of a gun (looking for a home)
Looking for a home where the West was won
Waiting on a train where the river runs (waiting on a train)

I'm just a Son of
A Son of a Son of a gun
The heat burned my shoulders
In the noon day sun
Started out walkin
And I prayed some
Hoping for shelter

When the night went to shade
I'd bet on the weather
But my hands been played
For a minute I thought I'd go insane
I covered up my neck
In the cold rain
Hunkered down low
Under a bridge
The voice in my belly
Is my only friend

I'm just a Son of a Son of a Gun
Looking for a home where the West was won
Waiting on a train where the river runs
I'm just a Son of a Son of a Son of a Gun
Son of a Son of a Gun
Son of a Son of a Gun